

# A N E L E G I E

U P O N

## Edward Fitz-Harris,

Executed at Tyburn for High-Treason upon Friday, July 1. 1681.

**U**Nhappy Man ! the Nations scorn and hate,  
How shall I do thy *Death* to deplore ?  
No Tears are due to such a *Tragedy*,  
Who liv'd unlov'd, must needs unpitied dye ;  
Upon that Soyl where nought but Thorns will grow,  
In vain the *Heavens* their baulmy Dews bestow,  
Had thy Crimes been of a less bloody hue, }  
Humanity would have made something due, }  
A thing that's soft in all but such as you ; }  
But where the Widdows and the Orphans Tears,  
Three *Kingdoms* Misery for many years  
Intail'd upon them and the *Sacred Blood*  
Of a *Great Prince*, so merciful and good,  
Could no *Relentings* find, *Humanity*  
It self is forfeit, *You deserv'd to dye* :  
Such *Blood* we can *compassionate* no more  
The loss of, than our own *diseased Store*,  
When in the *Crisis* of a *Plurisie*  
*Blood* must be spilt, or we our selves must dye ;  
How many *Mischiefs* ran in every Vein,  
That did that hateful *Blood* of thine contain :  
Whose *Circulations* still did ebb and flow  
With *Plots* and *Stratagems*, to overthrow  
Thy *Country's Peace* ; whose *Pulse* did nothing beat  
But *Plots* and *Treasons*, and whose *Native heat*  
Inflamed by a *Popish Devilish Zeal*,  
Rag'd with a *Calenture* as hot as *Hell*.  
Thou that hast been the *Temis-Ball* of *State*,  
Bandy'd betwixt the *Powers* and thy *Fate*,  
So for a time suspended, *Vengeance* now  
(Impatient grown) has giv'n the fatal Blow,  
That to the curs'd *Designs* thou didst intend  
Against these *Kingdoms* puts a final End :  
Now 'tis too late to blind us any more  
With feign'd *Discov'ries*, as thou didst before ;  
To flatter *Mercy* with a *Tale*, and then  
*True Papist-like*, unsay the same again.

What e're it was, thou ought'st to let us know  
Is stopt by an *Eternal Silence* now ;  
Yet *Heav'n* knows all, and will in time reveal  
These *Depths of Treachery*, which to conceal,  
*Rome* by her *Damned Oaths*, and *Idle Frights*,  
Obliges her *Deluded Profelites*.  
But stay, Is there no Room for *Charity*  
In such a *Case* as this ? *Papists* deny  
It us, and by uncharitable *Votes*  
Next damn our Souls, when they have cut our throats.  
The *Laws* of our *Religion* us inclines  
T' assume more soft and *charitable* minds ;  
And when that *Justice* once has had its due,  
We can both hope their good, and pity too.  
Poor *Dying Malefactors* ; we can pray  
For them while there is life ; and hope all may  
Be well after their *Death*, especially  
Where any *Sorrow* for their *Guilt* wespy ;  
Where any shews of true *Repentance* are,  
Our *Church* has charitably taken care  
To purge each Souls by *Absolution*,  
Before their *Merited Execution* :  
Our *Justice* (not invenomed with *Spite*  
Or *Malice*) grants a *charitable-right*  
To such *Offenders*, that their *Souls* may have  
A place in *Heav'n*, whose *Bodies* want a *Grave*,  
Altho we make no *Traytors Martyrs*, we  
Allow them *Happiness* in *Charity*,  
Where they are truly *Penitent*, *Confession*  
Serves sometimes here to blot out a *Transgression*,  
And to obtain a *Pardon*, but when here  
It is deny'd, it may be gotten there  
Where *Pity* springs, where *boundless Mercies* flow,  
We wish, and hope it may be his *Case* now.

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